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WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 2105.

Poetry.

THE HIDING-PLACE.

BY A. S. BROWN.

"And man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind,
and a covert from the tempest."—ISAIAH.

A lonely pilgrim's cry from desert plain
Pierces, despondently, the weary way;
A longing place he does not seek to gain,
And gloriously comes on the close of day.
He watches now the sun's last gleaming ray,
As he retires behind a sable cloud;
And as the transient twilight fades away,
The longest robes of his, resting, fold.
And covering all the plain with a dark, humid shroud.

Till now unseen, a hiding place is near;
The lightning's flash reveals a holy shore;
Where the lone wanderer through the desert drear,
May rest, and so his life's journey o'er.
And when to that safe refuge he has fled,
He hears the howling wind, and pelting rain,
And threatening gusts of thunder, without dread,
Though the fierce storm still is raging on the plain.
There is no terror now in the wild hurricane.

So, through the wastes of life, man's life is long,
With few sweet hopes to soothe him as he goes;
Through scenes of human weakness and wrong,
A sad reality of crime and woes.
And still, as he advances, darker grows
The cloud that overshadows his devious way;
And life seems now to be a dismal close,
While from the lamp of Truth on Cheating ray
Lightens the path that leads to realms of endless day.

Portentous clouds are gathering thick and fast;
The dark, terrific storm of death is near;
And on his viewless wings the winging host
Brings pain and despondency and shuddering fear.
He sees new forms of terror ever near;
And lingering, trembling, he prepares to die;
An awful voice falls on his startled ear,
As thunder peals from the dark sky,
Proclaiming loud: "Thou shalt not die, thou shalt not die."

There is a hiding-place—a refuge nigh;
For weary, lost, despairing, dying men;
A hand to wipe the tear from his dry eye,
And fill his bosom with sweet hope again;
For him the holy Son of God was slain;
To shield him from wrath divine his precious blood,
To wash his guilty soul from every stain,
And save it from its doom the Savior shed,
Laid down his life, and rose triumphant from the dead.

And now beneath the shadow of his wings
He safely rests, and calm looks onward;
Most all the storms that "blow on earthly things,"
He leaves upon the banner of his God.
He trusts the power that saves the Savior too,
With humble joy, while dimly, far away,
He sees, by faith, his future home above,
Where the great "Sun of Righteousness," with ray
Of holy splendor, makes a bright, eternal day.

INTERPRETATION IN CALIFORNIA.

SKETCH OF A SERMON BY REV. MR. DIBBLE.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."—ISAIAH. 60:1.
He commented upon the ravages of sin in general. He referred to the fact that one commentator has translated the latter part of the verse as follows: "sin is a lessening of the tribes." All sin was destructive of life; but as either a "reproach," or "lessening of the tribes," no sin was to be compared to the sin of Intemperance. California was a mournful illustration.

Thirty thousand of the fathers and sons who left the Atlantic States to seek gold in California, have died there. A very large proportion of all these have died from strong drink.

The traffic in strong drink is a government sin. It is a "reproach," not merely to individuals, but to the "nation." It is fastened upon by law. Even the Chinese "reproach" us. They say, "We do not drink whiskey; we do not get drunk like Christians. A Prohibition Law is at this moment in force in the Chinese Empire."

We desire to enlist your sympathies in the Atlantic States on behalf of our Temperance efforts in California. We hope if we recount some of the evils we suffer; how many of your own kindred and friends lay dead there, that we shall have your prayers. California is more intimately allied to New York, than any other State. We look to the office of a New York State Temperance Society, in this city, for Temperance reading to enlighten our people in California, and stimulate them to forego their cups, and crush the traffic.

The speaker made a touching allusion to himself. I stand not here as I stood when I was in this city of Albany before. This crutch, this shattered form, are new afflictions to me. One of my limbs is broken in seven places, and that through liquor, but not by liquor drunk by me. It is not true that "liquor will let you alone, if you let it alone." I never drank a glass of liquor in my life; and yet here I stand, the victim of this remorseless evil.

I was on board of a steamer, in the very act of distributing the *Prohibitionist*, published in your city, when those having charge of the works went to drink at the bar; the better because dry; and not more than three or four, myself among the number, escaped with our lives. Would that my wounds—that my sufferings, could speak to your hearts to-day, against this crying evil—the sale and use of strong drink. It pains me now to drag my length along through your streets, instead of walking upright as a man, as when I last visited Albany. But all this, and more, I would suffer, if I might but enlist the sympathies, the prayers, and the practical co-operation of the people of the Atlantic States, in behalf of the redemption of California from the scourge of Ram.

I call your attention to some of the statistics of the liquor traffic in California.

There are 10,700 grog shops in our State, by law. On the average, there are two men who tend the bar of each. Think of that! more than twenty thousand bar-keepers in California! I know not the gross receipts of all; but we do know, that it would take at least \$10 a day to support them.

I know one bar which has taken in as much as from \$300 to \$700 a day. One bar, the Union, has taken in \$1,100 on Sunday! Oh! what scenes! what a desecration of the Sabbath!

On patriotic days, as the Fourth of July, these bars are supposed to take in double their average receipts. Suppose the average receipts of all to be \$20 per day; this makes \$20,000 per day spent in California for intoxicating liquors; or more than 73 millions per year.

But this tells not half of the tale.—California with her exhaustless treasures of gold, could afford to pay 73 millions of money; but oh! the loss of health, the wreck of morals, of intellect, the blasted hopes, the agonizing hearts, the crime, the robberies and murders, the drunkards' death.

One distillery establishment in San Francisco has half a million of money invested in the liquor traffic. They make 20,000 gallons of liquor a day.—The Messrs. Dow are said to have sold \$500,000 worth of liquors, since they opened their manufacture of poisons in that city. They say their liquors are necessary for civilization, to kill off the Indians—but they are killing off the white man too.

Everywhere I go in the Atlantic States, I am asked—"Did you see my son?" "Have you any news of my husband?" Often I am distressed by these inquiries. I dare not tell the truth.—People of the North, tremble for your friends in California!

I have seen fine young men—nay, I have seen young women die of *dilatation tremens*. I remember now the case of a son of a Governor of one of our Western States. I am told awful things of your Congress Hall hotel in this city of Albany. I have heard of the death there of Harwood, the Clerk of the Court of Appeals. I have heard, too, that some of your finest young men are being ruined there. We too have such Congress Halls. I will remember hearing a fine lad say, "I'll not go home to the North; they will say, 'there goes the son of a drunkard!' I will remain here; I will fight whiskey till I die." That boy's father had died of drink. He was the grandson of a United States Senator.

I was summoned, near the famous Mariposa, you have heard so much of, to the post mortem examination of a young woman. She had lately attended a ball; and was the gayest of the gay.—It was testified, that within a few hours she had drunk six bottles of champagne. I said there is need of no more testimony. Six bottles of champagne why they would poison your mules, let alone young ladies.

Thirty thousand persons have perished in California since the breaking out of the "gold fever." By far, the greatest portion have died from strong drink.—What I have told you will give you no idea of the ravages of this curse. One of our Supreme Court Judges has died of delirium tremens. One of our State Attorneys Generals; our State Printer; our State Surveyor—all have died of drink. And still this curse is permitted. Still this traffic is licensed by law. I have seen the licenses granted by authority; and I have seen the skulls and the bones of these men; conspicuous victims of those same licenses, bleaching and rotting in the sun. Of all the thirty thousand who have died in California since 1848, I doubt if 100 have died by natural causes. The climate is remarkably healthy. I never breathed air so exhilarating. And yet, for the most part through rum, thirty thousand citizens, surge buried and some unbared, sleep the sleep of death, under those delightful skies. Is not the liquor traffic a reproach to this people? Has not the sin of intemperance proved itself a "lessening of the tribes?" It is, so men and brethren, all over this country. And I appeal to you, as Christians, to help put down this system; this law sanctioned traffic—all it is sufficed by law.

—Put all the evils suffered by California, rum is at the bottom. You hear of stuffed ballot boxes. It is rum that stuffed those boxes. You hear that our highly-beloved King, the most honored and influential editor of the State, is shot down in open day. Rum shot him down. Rum calls for Vigilance Committees.—Fifty pistols have been taken to a house, loaded, to shoot the humble individual before you, who dare to war against rum. I have not hesitated to declare the whole counsel on this subject; and to leave my desire to see the selling of rum classed among the gravest offences known to the law.

Brethren, as a Minister of Religion, I

profess to know something of the power of the Gospel. But I confess myself dismayed at the idea of preaching the Gospel to men whose consciences are burnt up with rum. Their moral sense is seared as with a hot iron. It is for this reason that I have devoted so much time and energy to make men sober, that they may come to our churches, and hear the saving truths of religion. Why, even ministers have died of strong drink in California. I remember one venerable old preacher, who for thirty years had been known as a zealous and pious man. He has taken the very Sabbath collections, and gone and got drunk. It was thought his wife would go mad. A bill for \$100 dollars was presented, all for whiskey. A daughter pledged her school money, her needle money, to pay it;—only don't sue for it; don't expose her father.

When I spoke once at Martens, an old lady was among the number who signed the pledge. But as she did so, she exclaimed—"Oh! it is too late! it cannot save my son!" And now my hearers, what a tale of anguish and of sorrow. The woman's son had been Judge of the county; but he drank. He had been a member of the Legislature; but he drank. At last he became furious, and in a moment of rage, he *curled his mother!* This was too much. She sank in a swoon to the floor, exclaiming, "My own son has cursed me!" Nor is this all. He drew his pistol and blew his own brains out; and his brains fell upon that mother, who had already fainted away. And now, fellow-Christians hear another startling fact. That son was raised up in one of our Methodist churches; and was long a member of a Methodist Sabbath School! Shall we think to rescue the country from strong drink? Is it not time to arouse when this "lessens the tribes," among those in our own household?

Once in my travels in behalf of Temperance, I saw a crowd. A coroner's jury was being held. A Judge had been murdered. It was rum that did it. I looked upon the corpse. He was one of my mates at college.

I saw another crowd. A man lay dead whom nobody knew. His pockets were examined, and letters were found; one to and others from his wife. He had told her that he had signed the pledge—he was a Son of Temperance. He was not so. He had told his wife, because he knew it would comfort her. She said, "My dear husband, I and the children pray daily that you may be kept from drink." Tear drops were on the letters. He died of drink. The husband of that wife, the father of those children, like thousands of others in California, lies in a drunkard's grave.

Ten thousand men are dying at this moment in California of strong drink; if I may not say, that they are dead already. They are burnt up by these alcoholic liquors. And what a "reproach," this enormous sin is sanctioned by the government, and I cannot assail the man who obtains license, so much as the government who grants it, and the people who allow it. The liquor-seller needs his license. He needs it on earth. He will need it at the bar of God. If I had a father who sold rum, I would have him obtain a license by all means. If he was one of the 800 who now sell in this city, I would have him obtain, if possible, the signatures of all the praying men, and all the clergy in Albany. I would want all the good men and all the good women to certify that my father sold rum for the "public good." I would have it framed, and put up in the most conspicuous place in the bar room, among the rum jugs and decanters.—FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

And the same state of things, my friends, exists to a great extent in every city. The grog-shops are a prolific fountain of corruption, bribery, ballot-box stuffing, ruffianism, and murder, in all our American cities. Why, there is need for a Vigilance Committee in every city and large town in America. Nay, if grog-shops must exist, a committee should be appointed to keep watch over every one of them.

At Indianapolis, the day the Methodist Conference held its annual session, I was in attendance. That very morning, the son of one of the Bishops of the Methodist Church, died of drunkenness. The papers made no note of it; but the fact occurred.

When I passed round to Cincinnati, the nephew of one of the Superintendents of our Sabbath Schools, had just been taken from the Ohio river, having been drowned while drunk.

I passed on to Lexington. There too was a crowd. A man was in chains.—They were taking him to the lunatic asylum. He was brought to this awful condition by strong drink. He was the son of a renowned orator and statesman lately deceased.

Following the appalling facts, Rev. Mr.

Diehl made a deeply affecting appeal in behalf of Temperance, as a work essential to that "righteousness which exalteth a nation." His address was very touching throughout. Several persons were affected to tears. All will long remember these wild and thrilling reports from the strands and the mountains of California.

In closing, we must remind the reader that our sketch, much of it from memory, gives a very imperfect idea of the address of Rev. Mr. Diehl, as a whole. Nevertheless, we believe that, invested as it is with every association and circumstance to give it interest, nothing with which we could occupy our columns would to an equal extent affect the hearts of our readers, against drink, and the drink traffic, and in favor of downright universal Prohibition.—*Prohibitionist*.

[From the Summit Beacon.]
AN OLD DOCUMENT EXAMINED.—NEW CONNELLT HALL A CENTURY AGO—OLD TIME PROPRIETORSHIPS AND RATES OF TAXATION.

Our antiquarian friend, Frederick Wadsworth, Esq., has kindly left with us, for examination the Tax Duplicate of Trumbull county for the year 1804, duly certified by "George Phelps, Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for said County." It appears to have belonged to Gen. Elijah Wadsworth, Sheriff and ex-officio Collector of Taxes for the County.

At first blush an old Duplicate would seem to be dull as a dictionary; but we have thought that possibly even such a dry schedule might afford some curious information to one who had the patience to extract it. Our scrutiny has been one of considerable labor, and perhaps the results may be worth giving.

The County of Trumbull embraced at that time the entire Western Reserve.—But for the purpose of taxation, judging from the document before us, no land was included west of the Cuyahoga river, certainly none west of range 12. We presume there were no settlements west of the Cuyahoga at that period. The area of lands in the duplicate is about 2,635,000 acres, or 3180 square miles. These are classified into first, second and third quality, and the tax apportioned accordingly; seventy-five cents per hundred acres for first, fifty cents for second, and twenty-five cents per hundred acres for third quality. One hundred acres only, of the whole, are rated in the first; about 36,000 in the second, and all the residue, nearly two millions in the third grade. The tax is charged upon lands alone.

The entire tax of the year was,
Against non-residents, \$4,494.39
" residents, 885.05

Total \$5,380.44
The land in the hands of residents was 3,629 acres, only. The tax upon an entire township of land amounted to \$41.60. Whole number of residents charged 638.

The Territory embraced in this Duplicate, and which in 1804 paid \$5,330 taxes, paid more than \$700,000 in 1855.

The following is a list from the Duplicate of non-resident proprietors who are charged with taxes upon 10,000 acres or upwards, with the amount of tax charged against each. The numbers refer to explanations and notes subjoined:

No.	Name.	No. of Acres.	Amount of Tax.
1	Colo. Atwater.	6,754	\$122.43
2	Peter C. Brooks.	2,527	61.30
3	Elijah Boardman.	10,811	182.27
4	Solomon Boardman.	14,901	247.54
5	Robert Boardman.	17,650	293.23
6	Daniel C. Boyd.	20,123	335.38
7	Robert Cleveland.	20,584	340.50
8	Solomon Cleveland.	11,766	193.64
9	John Canfield.		
10	James Johnston.	29,945	504.51
11	Elijah Wadsworth.	69,259	1,158.28
12	David Wadsworth.	19,319	319.12
13	Samuel Hildrey.	12,329	204.14
14	William Hildrey.	12,427	206.25
15	Oliver Hildrey.	10,811	182.27
16	Oliver Hildrey.	10,811	182.27
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99	Oliver Hildrey.	10,811	182.27
100	Oliver Hildrey.	10,811	182.27

It will be seen that those forty-seven proprietors embraced nearly one million, two hundred thousand acres, or more than 25,500 acres each. The names in the above list are, we presume, those of most of the principal members of the Connecticut Land Company. No less than thirty-five townships on the Reserve derive their names from one or another of these proprietors; others are named from their localities in New England. Many of the persons named above appear as joint owners with others of tracts not here included or referred to. Among those not above named, are Wolcotts, Griswolds, Huntington, Kirtland, Swift, Lyman, Hillhouse, McCurdy, Lathrop, Ball, Pomroy, Starr, Caldwell, Lloyd, Tilden, &c.

The names of townships designated, are the present names derived from the map, and not from the duplicate, which describes them solely by Range and Number. Range 12, Tp. 7, appears to stand for Newburg and Cleveland.

There are a great number of ten acre lots in it, charged to different proprietors, which we take to have been laid out in Cleveland. These are taxed at two and six tenths mill per acre, or two cents six mills per lot. [Query—Would not some present proprietors relish that rate now?]

In the following notes we have aimed to give the location of the principal tracts belonging to the respective proprietors named in the foregoing list.

NOTES ON THE FOREGOING LIST.

1st. Col. Atwater owned nearly the entire townships of Atwater and Denmark, Ashtabula county, besides large tracts in Auburn, Geneva and elsewhere.

2d. Peter C. Brooks had Bloomfield entire and part of Kirtland.

3d. Elijah Boardman had 5400 acres in Boardman and about 9000 in Palmyra.

4th. 12000 acres in Hamden and 5500 in Thompson.

5th. 8573 acres in Huntsburg and 1660 in Troy.

6th. Part of Ellsworth, Batavia, Monroe and Orville, besides 1040 acres in Range 12, Tp. 7, apparently Newburg and Cleveland.

7th. 2416 acres in the Salt Spring tract, 3000 in Batavia, and 1200 in Orville.

8th. 3776 acres in Mecca, and 6412 in Southington.

9th. Johnston township entire, large tracts in Bainbridge and Canfield, and 100 acres in Range 12 Tp. 7, (Newburg and Cleveland.)

10th. Andover, Rome and Champion entire, 6300 acres in Concord, 6300 acres in Russell, 1000 in Youngstown, and 1000 in Euclid, &c.

11th. 14,374 acres in Chautauque, 4135 in Coventry.

12th. 3363 acres in Mecca, and 6412 in Southington.

13th. Piermont entire, 12785 in Mesopotamia, 3663 in Coventry, &c. Sixteen 10 acre lots in R 12 Tp. 7, (Cleveland.)

14th. 2222 acres in Salt Spring tract, 6521 in Solon.

15th. Jefferson, Ashtabula county, entire, 4320 acres in Dufferin, 4753 in Ashtabula, 4700 in Harpersfield, &c., seven ten acre lots in R 12 Tp. 7.

16th. Edinburgh, Sheffield and Hartsgrove, 6700 acres in Orange, 4300 in Mayfield, &c., twenty 10 acre lots in R 12 Tp. 7.

17th. Green township entire, 9200 acres in Howland, 1256 acres in Range 12 Tp. 7.

18th. 8600 acres in Conneaut, 2250 in Claridon.

19th. 14946 acres in Brookfield, seven 10 acre lots in R 12, Tp. 7.

20th. 11170 acres in Farmington, 1096 in Springfield.

21st. 6186 in Hubbard, and tracts in various places.

22d